

TRICKS DONE BY DENTISTS.

Sometimes Called Upon to Do Queer Things by People Who Patronize Them.

Medical men are not the only professional persons to learn curious secrets regarding those who patronize them. A dentist with a large downtown practice was in a talkative mood the other day, says the Chicago Chronicle. "People in my line of life," said he, "occasionally run across odd things. For instance, about a year ago a good-looking young man came into our office one day and asked that we make an artificial set of teeth to increase the splendid lot of natural ivory teeth which nature had endowed him. We filled the order, which was an exceedingly expensive one. The extra set of teeth, fitting over his own, gave the man an ugly, prominent mouth and totally spoiled his good looks, but he offered no explanation and we asked no questions. I have the best reason for supposing now that the purchaser was a burglar and that he got the teeth for the express purpose of altering his appearance and thus making identification more difficult.

"You are aware that many are very particular concerning the plate in which artificial teeth are set. Some want gold, others silver, vulcanite and what not. But did you ever hear of patients wearing their own initials inside the mouth?"

"We recently prepared an upper set for a gentleman well known in theatrical circles, and in the platinum roof was set in wires of gold the weaver's initials. Another roof plate, which we were privileged to see, was a perfect masterpiece of artistic work. There were three horsemen depicted in gold wire, fine as a hair, a foreground of catstone and a crescent moon of gleaming silver—all set in the composition of the roof. The teeth were of good quality, but not remarkable, and the price was exactly \$500. A person unconscious of the value of the inner roof would have set the price at \$25.

"Very richly decorated was the dancing girl which decorated the false roof of a one-time millionaire. The pictured lady wore slippers set with tiny diamonds and the owner, being a great smoker, sported an ordinary set when desirous of indulging in a fragrant whiff, thereby never discoloring the faint enamel of the choice article. We were once asked to fashion a plate from the tusk of an elephant, but as this would have been a difficult and unsatisfactory proceeding we were obliged to reject the offer.

"The most absurd thing we were ever requested to insert in a false roof was a tiger's claw—a trophy of an Indian jungle hunt. We managed it, and to prevent the claw from wounding the tongue of our patient we tipped it bluntly with gold. After awhile the tip fell off and the wearer's tongue was torn. To us he came in a rage, and finally decided to wear the claw as a chain pendant."

ON CHINESE RAILWAYS.

Peculiar Customs and Concomitant Utterances of Any Other Country.

A recent letter writer from China says: Our first-class carriage resembled an American carriage in its general principles, but its exact counterpart we had never seen. In each compartment two wooden seats, unfurnished with cushions, faced each other. We learned that when the road was first built cushioned seats had been furnished, but owing to the untidy habits of the Chinese they had to be abandoned. Into the compartment all but the larger and heavier luggage was also carried, and our assortment included one large steamer trunk, a plethora of English "hold-alls," one dress suit case, two bags and various parcels and bundles. Each passenger is allowed 300 pounds of luggage on the liberal Chinese railways—a liberality that will probably be curtailed later.

My neighbors across the way were two dainty ladies, one attired in blue linen, the other in silk and black brocade. Their purple black hair was elaborately pressed and ornamented with jeweled pins and pink artificial flowers. One was a "bound-foot" woman; the other one had escaped the cruel disfigurement. The Manchurians, to which the imperial family belong, do not bind the feet, and the fashion set by the empress has been followed by many Chinese in Peking and its vicinity. These little ladies smiled and spoke in their own unintelligible language with an effort to be amiable and polite. They even crossed the aisle and made me understand that they would like to look out of the window which, on my side of the carriage, was next to the station. I gladly made place for them, and when their curiosity was gratified, they went back to their own seat. The servant who had accompanied them took his leave and they then proceeded to bargain with the chestnut vendor. There was very soon a dispute over something, for they became greatly excited, and one of them brandished her English umbrella with astonishing vigor. They poured forth a stream of shrill, voluble Chinese without the slightest expression of ill temper on their placid countenances.

"It is a good thing that you do not understand Chinese," said M—; "their language is dreadful."

FORESIGHT.

"Hav'n't we better burn all our love letters, Ethel?"

"Oh, no, Herbert; maybe after we've been married awhile we'll get dull some evening and want something funny to read."—Indianapolis Journal.

APPEARANCES.

He—Well, Mrs. Smith is economical, anyway. She makes all her own dresses.

She—Yes, and she looks so dowdy that her husband can't get a single one of his friends to lend him any money.—Philadelphia Press.

BETWEEN FRIENDS.

Miss Johnson—Oh, yes; he fell in love with me at sight. It was at the masquerade ball, you know?

Miss Jackson—Um! Now I understand. How was yo' disguised?—Judge.

NATURE'S CURES THE BEST.

All Light and Water Are Sovereign Remedies for Diseases of Man and Beast.

"Tired people more or less 'run down' may like to have particulars of the air or nature cure so popular in Germany just now.

The system, says the London Mail, is said to represent a reaction against the overuse of drugs and serum. It appeals for the natural life as the true remedy for ill health. In the lovely woods of Dresden and in various other captivating spots in Germany patients undergoing the "cure" are counted by hundreds. They come from Russia, America, Africa, Australia, India, even from far-off Siberia and the Ural mountains, while England contributes four hopeful invalids to the crowd. The open-air bath is one method of treatment. In various palatial inclosures men, women and children, arrayed in the scantiest permissible garb, bathe themselves in the air, indulging meanwhile in sport, play and exercise for varying periods.

An interesting illustration of the "cure" may be found in Nansen's "On Snowshoes Through Greenland." He tells of Eskimos on the east coast who took their air baths habitually by throwing off their clothing in their half-worn huts at evening, and so kept strong and well. Under Danish influence and European teaching as to the proprieties, they gave up their air bath and were ravaged by consumption.

Near the air bath inclosure are other spaces for what is termed the "lying down and air cure." In these spaces are wooden huts raised on supports and open all one side, except for a curtain. In these huts the night is spent, the invalid passing in the morning to a couch out of doors, where almost all the day he or she lies wrapped in rugs, but able to read or work and eat.

Next to air comes light, and this with heat is utilized in "sun baths" arranged on the roof of the "cure" establishment, fully exposed to the sky, but with a shade over each head. The patients lie either "free"—that is, unclothed—or closely wrapped on mattresses for about an hour, and the bath is completed with warm and cold water.

When the sun is not available or is unsuitable equivalent good is obtained, it is said, by the use of electric light and heat. Cabinets are fitted with ten or more glass lights and with panes of colored glass—blue, for instance—through which the rays are filtered without yellow, red or violet rays. The light streams through the outer skin, destroys bacilli, increases pigment and corpuscles and is supposed to relieve pain or lessen internal congestions.

Water is available in all the well-known forms of the cure. The "wet-sel-douche" is fearful and wonderful, for as you lie in a long bath a force pump on either side pounds down a merciless stream of hot and cold alternately for 20 and 30 seconds each. The hot steam kettle douche is another form of benevolent torture.

It goes without saying that the hours are early, and by seven a. m. the frugal breakfast is on hand. You may have special cocoa, or "health coffee," or even tea (of hips and haws!) with sour milk and rucks and butter. By ten you may obtain some fruit or, rarely, an egg and sour milk—sometimes a light red wine and "butter bread"—are concessions to weakness. At one o'clock comes the chief meal, consisting of a vegetable soup or entree, meat or fish, with two vegetables, preferably not roots; salad (made with lemon juice instead of vinegar), cooked fruits and creams, but—and here is the crux—no salt, no water and no bread!

SHAKING GAVE HIM AWAY.

It Was Agony, Not Fear, However, That Caused the Supposed Culprit's Tremors.

A man was arrested in Brooklyn for the crime of having a chill. He got on a Flatbush avenue trolley car at Malbone street to ride downtown. Two sleuths attached to a local precinct were on the car and they noticed that the man trembled violently. He seemed to be greatly agitated over something and the sleuths decided to watch him. Every time the car passed a policeman it seemed to the detectives that the man's agitation increased and that he trembled more violently.

After awhile, says the New York Times, he turned up the collar of his coat. The sleuths winked at each other significantly. The fellow was trying to avoid recognition. That was plain. The man left the car when it reached the Brooklyn end of the bridge, and the sleuths followed. Two policemen were standing near by and it seemed that at sight of them the man shook like a leaf. The watching sleuths were convinced. The man was at least a suspicious character. They stepped up to him and informed him that he was under arrest.

"Under arrest!" exclaimed the man, plainly astonished. "What for?"

"Well, er—what are you trembling so much about?" asked one of the detectives.

The man laughed. He was apparently greatly amused.

"I'm trembling because I can't help it," he explained. "I've contracted a severe chill and I'm going down to see my doctor about it."

The sleuths boarded the next car for Manhattan and the man with a chill went shakily on his way to the doctor's.

DISASTER PROPHECIES.

"The country is going to ruin!" exclaimed the nervous man, who talks at the top of his voice.

"Of course, it is," answered the grave scientist, soothingly. "For that matter, the whole earth is going to shrivel up and go out of business one of these days. But that's no reason for you and me quitting work to worry about it, is it?"—Washington Star.

A SABBATHAN AUDIENCE CORRALLED.

"What do you think! Some excursionists came along and wanted to eat their luncheon on our porch."

"Did you agree to it?"

"No, didn't, but pa said they could; then he sat down with them and told them all his ailments."—Detroit Free Press.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Erika Paulas, a German architect, 25 years old, has been commissioned to build a hospital at Mediasch, Germany. She is the daughter of an engineer, and has already planned and erected several large and expensive buildings.

Literature plays an extremely important part in the life of the Chinese. Confucius, their great teacher, lived no less than 500 years before Christ, and the basis of all education is the learning by heart of his works and other classics.

James D. Reid, organizer of the Old-Time Telegraphers' association, superintendent of construction between Washington and Baltimore of the first telegraph line. He taught Andrew Carnegie to be an operator, and is now manager of the steel man's Scotch estates.

By using a certain lymph it is now possible to regenerate the red globules in the blood of lepers. Dr. Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, is the discoverer, and he thinks that when he has improved the serum he may be able to rejuvenate the organs of the human body.

Christine Nilson cherishes in a unique way mementoes of her triumphs on the concert stage. One of her rooms is papered with leaves of music taken from the various operas in which she has appeared. Another is decorated with receipted hotel bills made out in her name during her tours.

The duchess of Coburg is likely to reside in future partly in Russia and partly at Rosenau, where the late duke died. A great deal of her royal and imperial highness' time has always been spent with her married daughters, for she is a most devoted mother. Her youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice, is her constant companion.

Sir Thomas Mellor, who died recently in London, arose from a poor emigrant boy to be three times premier of Queensland, Australia. In this position he achieved fame by trying to annex New Guinea to his colony without the knowledge or consent of the home office. A furor arose, but was checked by the prompt disavowal of the act by Lord Derby, then the British premier.

PASSING OF THE PRAIRIE DOG.

Western Grazers Have Declared Incessant War Against the Destructive Burrowing.

The agricultural experiment station at Lincoln, Neb., has just issued a bulletin which seals the fate of that picturesque little fellow, the prairie dog, the only object that gives vital interest to the monotonous plains of the far west, says the Los Angeles Express. It is always a relief to run past a prairie dog town in the interminably dull expanse of cactus and sage brush, but his time has come, and he must speedily become an extinct animal, and the holes which have once known him shall know him no more forever.

The industrial forces of civilization are leagued against the prairie dog, and it is his own fault, for, innocent as he looks, he is bad. Like Artemus Ward's kangaroo, he is an "ammosin" little cuss. But he is destructive. He kills out the grass, and as that part of the country frequented by the prairie dog is almost entirely used for grazing purposes, his extermination has been ordered to save the land from his ravages.

The bulletin gives the fatal prescription in minute detail. First, dissolve three ounces of strychnine and one half pound of potassium cyanide in one quart of boiling water. Then add two quarts of molasses and one ten spoonful of oil of anise. Stir. Then pour the solution over a bushel of wheat and, while mixing it together, sprinkle in four pounds of finely ground cornmeal, which enables the grains of wheat to carry a large amount of poison. It is a tempting menu for Cynurus ludovicianus, but one teaspoonful at a hole ends the career of the whole family, and the proportion given above will dispose of a town of 500 acres, the number of families to the acre ranging from 20 to 150.

The bulletin further says that this year the poisoning is being done over a large range of territory, and with gratifying results, so that it is not improbable in a short time the last prairie dog will have disappeared. The railroad traveler, as he crosses the plains, will miss the sight of the little fellows who have added life and gaiety to the otherwise monotonous scenery. But they should not have been bad. It is to be regretted that the learned bulletin was not sufficiently explicit. It does not tell what becomes of the prairie dog's boarders, the owl and the rattlesnake, who, though never seen, were once popularly believed to share with him the comforts of home and to dwell together in delightful concord. Do they also partake of the tempting meal left at the door, and pass away with the proprietor and his family, or do they expire of grief as they witness the sad tragedy?

IT LOOKS LIKE CELLULOID.

A substitute for celluloid is now being produced from untanned leather boiled in oil, which is said to resemble celluloid in every particular. It is known as "marloid" and shows a texture similar to horn, while it can be made flexible and elastic or hard and unyielding. It will take a high polish readily and may be stamped or pressed into any desired shape.—Chicago Chronicle.

APPEARANCES.

He—Well, Mrs. Smith is economical, anyway. She makes all her own dresses.

She—Yes, and she looks so dowdy that her husband can't get a single one of his friends to lend him any money.—Philadelphia Press.

PICKLED CAULIFLOWER.

Choose fine, mature cauliflower, cut away all the leaves and pull the flowers into little bunches; soak in flower brine for two days, drain, put in jars with whole black peppers, allspice and nick cinnamon; boil vinegar and pour over the cauliflower. Seal while hot.—Home Magazine.

FOR AUTUMN WEAR.

Pretty Notions That Are Noticeable in Ladies' Costumes for the Season.

The Eton jacket, in its new form, is without reverse, and is double breasted, with small buttons and cord loops, so that it may be worn open or closed at will. It is jaunty and effective, says the New York Tribune.

The coming shirt waist for fall will have a bolero front. The back will keep its familiar form of yoke or plaits, but the elaboration will be in the jacket front, which is to be edged all about with an embroidered band. The sleeves are cut to flare a bit below the elbow, and the undersleeves are gathered at the wrist. The jacket is held together at the front, midway between the collar and belt, by a velvet knot or a mental clasp.

A phase of fashion in garnitures is the tendency toward gulfur. Embroidered, crocheted and fringed effects are likely to be more prevalent than for many years, and this indicates that the majority of cloth fabrics will be forced to retire in favor of the picturesque.

It is an undisputed fact that the stage is responsible for many of fashion's whims. The present lingerie sleeve is the direct outcome of the production of "Cyrano" in Paris, and in the promised fall designs it also occupies a conspicuous place, especially for home wear. French women have adopted the mode of having bodices made sleeveless, with a number of pairs of sleeves of different sorts, which can be either tacked or hooked in the armholes at a moment's notice.

For traveling or full excursions, homespun or veiling will be much favored, also figured mohair of a rather heavy weave. For future wear, until the cold weather fairly sets in, the favored colors are ecru, French gray, red, light shades of blue and white. Not for many seasons has white been so fashionable, both for old and young, the only difference being in the fabric, which is seldom relieved by any touch of color, except in the headgear.

The under petticoat of flannel has a rival in point of favor in the skirt of wash silk, lined with nun's veiling or albatross. For dainty under dressing these excel the flannel, and can be made to supply just as much warmth and at the same time be far more ornamental. The trimming is generally a ribbon or silk ruffle, overlaid with one of lace, and headed by a ladder insertion, threaded with wash ribbon to match the ruffle.

HOW HE FELT ABOUT IT.

The Fond Father Could Not Help But Sympathize in a Case Like This.

"Of course," remarked the proud father of six children, according to the Washington Star, "there is nothing in all the world that makes a man so sincerely happy as to have around him a whole household of roystering children, every one of them tickled plumb to death when he comes home at night, and every one of them wanting to climb all over him at once and the same time. Still, it is possible that there may be an embarrassment of riches, as the French say, of even this sort, and when a baby is of the squalling kind he sometimes thinks he would almost commit a crime for the sake of five or six minutes of peace and quiet. A friend of mine, who lives in a flat, is the father of a regular four-time squaller, and there was an incident at his home the other evening that has caused his wife to look upon him with suspicion. Albert is one of the mildest mannered men that ever lived. Across the hall from his flat live two bachelor friends of his, and you know bachelors are not overly partial to babies with unstrained lungs. The other afternoon his wife came in where he was reading, or trying to, and she was considerably wrought up.

"I've got no use for those two friends of yours across the hall," she said.

"Why not, my dear?" he responded in his usual mild manner.

"Because, when Willie was crying awhile ago one of them said: 'Oh, shoot the baby.'"

"Oh, did he?" said the father, raising his eyebrows, after the manner of some people expressing surprise or resentment or some other emotion.

"Yes, he did," repeated the fond mother.

"And what did you say to that?" he inquired with a half smile.

"What could I say?" she asked, the anger showing in her face.

"Really, I don't know, my dear," hesitated her husband, "but I thought possibly you might have said you did not have any gun."

"She couldn't say a word; she didn't try to; she just looked at him in speechless astonishment and went out of the room."

A DELICIOUS JELLY.

A tomato jelly which is delicious served with green salad and mayonnaise dressing is made as follows: Boil a quart of canned tomatoes 20 minutes with one bay leaf, six cloves, six peppercorns, one sprig of parsley and one slice of onion. At the end of that time strain the tomatoes through a sieve, return the liquid to a kettle and add two tablespoonfuls of tragon vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of gelatin which has been softened in cold water and salt to taste. Stir until the gelatin is dissolved and turn into a mold. When it is firm and ready for use turn into a bed of crisp lettuce or watercress and pour over it a mayonnaise dressing.—N. Y. Tribune.

PICKLED BEANS.

String young green beans of the best variety and cook until done in slightly salted water; drain well, put them in a stone jar, sprinkle with cayenne pepper and cover with good vinegar.—Home Magazine.

A GOOD FLAVOR.

Darken—A fox oughter make good eatin', Pete.

Johnsing—How's dat?

"Why, lock how fond he is ob chick-tal!"—Puck.

ACTION.

Action doesn't always bring success, but there is no success without action.—Chicago Daily News.

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Husband. I can't get the casters under the bookcase to work at all, and I've oiled them twice. Wife (with conscious superiority). But you didn't use castor oil. —Tid Bits.

A Yankee Spy Foiled.

Wednesday afternoon we had a notable caller, a handsome fellow in a brand-new Confederate uniform, with a captain's bars on his collar, says Mrs. Sara Matthews Handy in the January Atlantic. He asked for Mrs. McQuinn, by name, claimed to be well acquainted with her husband, the major, and said that he had been a scout at Stuart's headquarters. He knew the names of the whole staff, claimed Stringfellow as a brother in arms, and talked of officers and men as near and dear friends. I took an instant antipathy to him, principally, I must confess, because he called me "mopsy," but my clear-sighted father distrusted him on better grounds, and gave me a hint not to be communicative. He thirsted for information, and won by his praise of her husband and his evident familiarity with army matters, my sister was ready to tell him all she knew. Then it was that, for the only time in my life, I told falsehood after falsehood, deliberately and unflinchingly. I contradicted her statements flatly; it was the ordinance, and not the treasure had gone to Danville by rail with Jeff. Davis. In the middle of my fabrications our father came in, and I gave myself up for lost. The unscrupulous spy, in his eyes, was foiled, and he had no patience whatever with perversion. But I stuck to my story stubbornly, determined to "ride in the last ditch," even when she appealed to him to corroborate her account of the matter. I could scarcely believe my own false balance. "I think it is right," my daughter; you know her accuracy is unusually good, and you were out of the room a great deal yesterday, while she was present nearly all the time." Then my sister backed down, and went off to write a hasty note to her husband, to be sent by the stranger, who professed to be on his way to John Johnston, and I was left to perjure myself still farther in the service of the Southern Confederacy. The major never received his letter, and he and others afterwards identified our friend as one of Sheridan's most trusted scouts.

Our Unwritten Constitution.

It is clear to every one who looks straight upon the facts, every veil of theory withdrawn, and the naked body of affairs uncovered to meet the direct question of the foundations of our government to be in fact unwritten; set deep in our sentiment which constitutes our neither originate nor limit, says Woodrow Wilson in the January Atlantic. "The law of the Constitution reigned until war came. Then the sword was cleared, and the forces of a mighty sentiment, hitherto unorganized, deployed upon it. A thing had happened for which the Constitution had made no provision. In the Constitution were written the rules by which the associated states should live in concert and union, with no word added touching days of discord or disruption; nothing said of the use of force to keep or to break the authority ordained in its quiet sentences, written, it would seem, for lawyers, not for soldiers. When the war came, therefore, and questions were broached to which it gave no answer, the ultimate foundation of the structure was laid bare: physical force, sustained by the stern loves and rooted predilections of masses of men, the strong ingrained prejudices which are the fibre of every system of government. What gave the war its passion, its hot energy, and of a tragedy from end to end, was that in it sentiment met sentiment, conviction met conviction. It was the sentiment, not of all, but of the efficient majority, the conviction of the major part, that won. A minority, eager and absolute in another conviction, devoted to the utmost pitch of self-sacrifice to an opposite and incompatible ideal, was crushed and overwhelmed. It was that which gave an eagle breadth and majesty to the awful clash between bodies of men in all things else of one strain and breeding; it was that which brought the bitterness of death upon the side which lost, and the dangerous intoxication of an absolute triumph upon the side which won. But it unmistakably uncovered the foundations of force upon which the Union rested.

Our Unwritten Constitution.

In Boston I encountered a parrot one day. "Polly wants a cracker!" I observed, thinking nothing. "Your language is extremely anomalous," replied the bird, severely. "Polly is colonial, while cracker, in the sense of biscuit, is distinctly post-bellum. Moreover, I am not conscious of wanting a cracker. I wouldn't mind a plate of pork-and-beans!" The fowl's scholarly dignity was what impressed me particularly. —Detroit Journal.

Not Work, but Pleasure. "Well, well!" exclaimed Tyre Dever, disgustedly. "I'm estranged of ye?" "Aw, g'n!" retorted Walker Mice, suspending for the moment his unwelcome labor at the woodpile. "Can't yer see dis is hickory?" "Wat's dat got ter do wid it?" "Dat's de kind of wood policemen's clubs is made of, an' I ain't doin' a ting to it." —Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Starvem. I was downtown today. I never saw so many Christmas shoppers on the street and in the cars. Now the car I boarded. —Mr. Joaksmith. Was empty? —Mrs. Starvem. Not at all. Why do you say that? —Mr. Joaksmith. I understood you to say you boarded it. —Philadelphia Press.

The New Lodger. I must look for another room, Mrs. Chamberhall. The noise in the neighborhood last night was simply unbearable! Three times was I awakened by the shrieks of some person in agony. —Mrs. Chamberhall. Oh, please do not be hasty. It is but one night in a week, when the painless dentist keeps open. —Judge.

Tess—I thought she was going to marry old Gotrox. —Joe—She was, but she broke the engagement. —Tess—What for? —Joe—When she accepted him he told her she had put new life into him. —Philadelphia Press.

"I heard a joke at the theatre last night." "What was it?" "Oh, I can't remember, but it was a corker. I have to laugh every time I think of it." —Columbus (O.) State Journal.

The sea hedgehog or globe fish can inflate his body with air. In this state it looks like a balloon covered with spikes, and is quite safe from any enemy.

WIT AND WISDOM.

De Vinne—"Well, how did the Paris exposition strike you?" De Tour—"A regular solar plexus!" came home in the stevedore. —Ohio State Journal.

What shall it be said that evolution has done for us, when the average anthropoid ape is obviously able to wear as high a collar as the average man? —Detroit Journal.

Cadley—"Joe! I should think you'd live in more comfortable and stylish quarters than this." Hadley—"So I could if I had the halves and dollars I've loaned to some people that do." —Philadelphia Press.

Irish Man Servant (who has been requested by a guest to procure him a bluebottle for fishing purposes, returning from his quest—"If ye please sorr, would a green soda-water bottle be what ye're wantin'?" —Punch.

Working Together.—"Dr. Basem and his wife seem to be in league together, don't they?" "How so?" "Why, he is trying to hood his new dyspepsia cure, while she is running a cooking school." —Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

A subscriber wrote to the editor of the Boston Globe asking how he could get rid of red ants, and was told to paint them green. It is quite safe to assume that there is now a horizontal streak of red ink drawn through his name on the subscription book of that paper. —Denver Post.

"No one," gravely announces Soerates, "can arrest the flight of time." "No?" querying interrupted by a bystander. "I thought anybody could stop a minute." And even the disciples of the great philosopher were forced to smile behind their togas. —Philadelphia Record.

MINCE PIES AND DREAMS.

Extravagant Visions of the Night Are Promoted by Indulgence in the Pastry.

It is interesting to note that the partaking of mince pie at evening may induce bad dreams, but it is hardly profitable to speculate deeply why my dream took the form of a leering demon with the impolite habit of equalling on my chest, says the Popular Science Monthly. The stuff that dreams are made of is not susceptible of that type of analysis. The most generous allowance must be made for coincidences and irrelevances and it must be constantly remembered that the obscure phenomena of psychology, and, indeed, the phenomena of more thoroughly established and intrinsically more definite sciences, cannot be expected to pass the test of detailed and concrete combinations of circumstances. In other classes of knowledge the temptation to demand such explicit explanations of observations and experiences is not so strong because of the absence of an equally strong personal interest; but that clearly does not affect the logical status of the problem. The reply to this argument I can readily anticipate; and I confess that my admiration of Hamlet is somewhat dulled by reason of that ill-advised remark to Horatio about their being more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophies.

The occultist always seizes upon this citation to refute the scientist. He prints it as his motto on his books and journals, and regards it as a slow poison that will in time effect the destruction of the rabble of scientists, and reveal the truth of his own psycho-harmonic science or helioelectric astrology. It is one thing to be open minded and to realize the incompleteness of scientific knowledge and to appreciate how often what was ignored by one generation has become the science of the next; and it is a very different thing to be impressed with coincidences and dreams and premonitions, and to regard them as giving the keynote to the conception of nature, and reality, and to look upon science as a misdirected effort. Such difference of attitude depend frequently upon a difference of temperament as well as upon intellectual discernment; the man or woman who flies to the things not dreamed of in our philosophy quite commonly does not understand the things which our philosophy very creditably accounts for. The two types of mind are different and I am citing Prof. James' "The scientific-academic mind and the feminine-mystical mind" from each other's facts just as they fly from each other's temper and spirit."

Rapid Growth of Bacteria.

It is the power of proliferation that renders the bacteria so formidable. They multiply by a simple division—a separation in the middle, by which there result two complete individuals, and this growth and division often occurs once in half an hour or even oftener. "In one day each bacterium would produce over 16,500,000 descendants, and in two days about 281,560,000,000. It is further calculated that these bacteria would form a solid pint and weigh about a pound; and at the end of the third day the total number would be 47,000,000,000,000, and would weigh 16,000,000 pounds." You ask why the world is not overwhelmed by them? Says authority: "Long before their offspring reach even into the millions, their rate of multiplication is checked, either by lack of food or by the accumulation of their own excreted products." —N. Y. Home Journal.

An Imperial Benevolence.

The zarina has organized an association of Russian women in reduced circumstances, who are almost constantly employed in embroidery for ecclesiastical purposes or for court dresses. —N. Y. Journal.

Steel Used for Pens.

More steel is used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world. A ton of steel produces about 10,000 gross of pens. —Iron Age.

A Backwoods Philosopher.

In one of the back counties of Virginia there lives a worthy couple, whom we will call Peter and Mandy Jones. Peter owned a small farm a few miles from the village, which was the capital of the county, and where Peter spent the greater part of his time, to the neglect of his family duties, and to the great distress of his worthy spouse he generally returned home in a state of intoxication. On one occasion while he was absent in the town on a drunken spree, his cows were attacked by disease and all of them died. Upon his return home his wife informed him of the death of the cows, and hoping to impress upon him a great moral lesson, said: "Now, Peter, these cows dying that way was a judgment of the Lord agin' you for your wicked drunken doings." Peter meditated for a moment, and then replied:

"Well, Mandy, of the Lord has a judgment agin' me and is willin' to take it out in cows he is welcome to 'em!" And he arose and went to town to get drunk again. —Harper's Magazine.

The Pioneering Girl at College.

Emmering upward of 50 methods by which a girl can work her way through college, a Cornell graduate writes in the Ladies' Home Journal: "A college education is possible for anyone who is determined to have it. It may happen that the prospective student is obliged to stay at home and work several years before entering, but intensified desire brings compensation. It is not advisable, however, to defer entering until every cent necessary for a four years' course has been earned. Many girls perhaps give up the idea of going at all because they cannot go soon after leaving the high school, but nowadays it is not unusual to find in attendance at universities, open during the summer quarter, teachers, well along in the fifties, who in their youth were denied a college education."

Two Chinese Spirits.

There are two spirits, as it were, inhabiting each Chinese body. The one makes for peace and industry. Servants are not only hard-working and skillful, but faithful and devoted. They are clever at expedients, quick to devise, and on the whole dependable. If your cook takes a day off without leave he will nevertheless provide an excellent substitute from his numerous relations, and if your dinner has gone wrong he will be able to borrow something quite as good from a friend. This model servant, "cheerful and bland," to whom you feel such conscious superiority in every way, is at the same time capable of turning in one moment into an unreasonable, unthinking creature, mad with passion, thirsting only for blood. —N. Y. Post.

Branding a Bluffer.

Among the advertisements in a London paper there recently appeared the following: "The gentleman who found a purse with money in the High Street is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he was recognized."

A few days afterward the reply was inserted: "The recognized gentleman who picked up a purse in the High Street requests the loser to call at his house." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

All the Comforts of Home.

Mrs. Jocelyn—"Don't you miss your husband very much now that he is away?" Mrs. Jocelyn—"Oh, not at all. You see, he left me plenty of money, and at breakfast I just stand a newspaper up in front of his place and half the time forget that he really isn't there." —Mexican Herald.

Proof Positive.

"That man," remarked the great detective, "is undoubtedly a vegetarian of the most pronounced type." "How do you make that out?" queried his friend. "Oh, that's dead easy," replied the g. d. "He has curly hair, reddish cheeks, a turn-up nose and a sage look." —Chicago Daily News.

The People.

If people don't want to do a thing, we do not believe in abusing them about it. We believe the people know as much as the man who says they are always wrong. We believe the people have a right to their way, and that the men who want to "lead" them, should quit bothering them. —Acheson Globe.

An Evident Error.

Bell Boy—"That couple in the bridal chamber want a meal served in their room. They want beefsteak, raw onions." Clerk—"The deuce! There must have been some mistake in putting that couple in the bridal chamber." —Judge.

Leprosy.

In the time of Louis VIII. there were 2,000 hospitals for lepers in France and about 19,000 in Europe. Prof. Virchow related at a recent conference in Berlin that he does not believe in the contagiousness of leprosy. —N. Y. Post.

Take Care of Yourself.

The man who is too busy to take care of his health is a workman too busy to take care of his tools. —Chicago Daily News.

Could Say That Much.

Mrs. Rounder—"Is your husband regular in his habits?" Mrs. Rounder—"Well, he breathes regularly." —Philadelphia Record.

Do a Little Well.

Better do a little well than to attempt more than you can do. —Chicago Daily News.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Fitch

Wife of the Khedive.

To be the wife of the ruler of Egypt is not a wholly enviable position, but the woman now occupying that position has many privileges for which she is to be envied. In the first place, her husband is greatly attached to her. It was while the slave of the valid (sister) khedivah that the present khedivah, Ikbal Hanem, won the affection of the khedive. She is of the Circassian race and possessed, it is said, of unusual beauty. Her management of her household resembles much of the European custom. The khedive's servants perform the duties of European governesses instructed by their daughters. She avoids the parties and powders so much loved by the European women, and in the matter of dress prefers European clothing. Her progressive ideas have led her to share the education of her children and keep pace with their studies. —N. Y. Sun.

What African Maidens Learn.

Immediately after a girl enters the study a mark designating her rank is introduced on a conspicuous part of her body. During her stay at the school she is instructed in this faculty of old women in singing, in plays and in the dance, and is required to commit numerous songs to memory; she is taught to look, and instructed in other domestic duties, and is shown how to knit nets and to fish. At intervals the girls are permitted to visit their parents at their homes in the villages. But before making these visits they must first satisfy the requirements of what is deemed the conventional toilet. Their whole bodies are thoroughly rubbed with white clay, and then aprons made of the fluff of the leaves of the Palmyra palm are put on them, as the use of cotton stuffs is prohibited. —Montessor Paul, in Woman's Home Companion.

A Canning Dog.

A rabbit dog belonging to James Ross, a farmer, living about two miles from Blackwood, Camden county, N. J., recently saved himself from being burned to death by burrowing into the earth. The barn in which he was confined was set on fire by a small boy with a lantern, who tumbled through a skylight. When the dog found himself hemmed in by a circle of fire he began to dig in the soft earth which formed the floor of the barn, and soon had a burrow four feet deep, in which he took refuge. Debris fell across the hole and protected him. When the fire had burned itself out the dog was found uninjured. —Philadelphia North American.

Aluminum Pontoon Boats.

The use of pontoon boats made of aluminum for the construction of flying bridges was suggested some few years ago, but recently a practical test of material of this kind was made by the engineer section of one of the Austrian dragon regiments stationed at Stockerau, near Vienna, with very satisfactory results. The special pontoon used was that of Capt. De Vaux and De Vall, with a carrying capacity of 11,000 pounds. These pontoon boats are transported on specially constructed wagons, and can be taken over the most difficult country and at any rate of march the column may demand. —N. Y. Sun.

Shanghai an Important Consulate.

The United States consulate in Shanghai is one of the most important in the far east, if not in the world. Diplomatically, it ranks with that of London, Liverpool, Paris, St. Petersburg, Rio Janeiro, Calcutta and Hong Kong. This consulate comprises a small world within itself presided over by the consul general, who is head and chief, whose word is law, whose official ultimatum, in many important emergencies, is decisive, and to whom obedience is yielded without question. —N. Y. Sun.

How a Japanese Hero Died.

A lieutenant of engineers at Tientsin, with three sappers, crept up in the dark and placed a charge of gun cotton at the huge gate. There was to be an electric wire to fire the gun cotton, but it failed somehow; and as daylight was dawning already, the four Japanese felt that their maneuver was in danger of failing, so one of them fired the charge with a match, blowing himself to death and glory and giving entry to the allied army. —Chicago Chronicle.

Harvest of the Yelut.

Farming in South Africa really seems to offer a brilliant opening. A young Englishman, in plowing land in a disaffected district, has had a first crop of three Mausers, three months' provisions and 400 rounds of cartridges. With fine weather he hopes to raise a ten-pounder. The soil on relief farms he describes as the most fertile. —Vanity Fair.

A Question of Art.

Architect—"We've settled about the design for the drawing-room. Now, as to the study; how do you want that finished?" Nurox—"I seen in a newspaper once about a study in black and white that was very artistic. Suppose you gimme one of 'em?" —Philadelphia Press.

He Knew.

Good Man—"Do you know where little boys go that throw stones at birds?" The Bad Boy—"Cert! Dey go where dere is birds. Did yer dey went down in a well, did yer?" —Boston Traveler.

She Is Taking Risks.

Townsend—"Is your daughter a finished musician?" Yorkrode—"Not yet; but the neighbors are making threats." —Baltimore American.

Conceit.

Conceit is to character what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it is supposed to improve. —Chicago Daily News.

Harry—Uncle George, at the end of this marriage nettle of Cousin Tom's it says, "No cards." What does that mean?

Uncle George—"It doesn't mean anything, Harry. That is to say, it is only a blind. It is a promise that Tom will give up cards; but bless you he won't be a month married before he'll be back to the poker table again." —Boston Transcript.

INSURANCE Notice

AGENCY OF A. S. SHERMAN, MERCHANT'S BANK.

THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES have been represented in New York by Mr. John T. Langley, deceased, having been transferred to me, policies and renewals in the same will be written in this office, where transfers and endorsements can be made: —

Phenix Ins. Co. of Brooklyn.
Lancashire Ins. Co. of Manchester.
Scottish Union & National of Edinburgh and London.
Northern Assurance Co. of London.

The above companies in addition to those already represented by me, enable me to write for any amount desired, at the lowest rates and the highest standing and character of the companies offer the strongest indemnity against fire.

Fire Insurance Co. of N. Y. \$2,000,000
American Ins. Co. of Philadelphia 2,500,000
Fire Association of Philadelphia 4,000,000
Phenix Ins. Co. of Hartford 4,000,000
Imperial Ins. Co. of London 6,750,000
Guaranty Ins. Co. of London 7,500,000
Provident Washington Ins. Co. of Providence 900,000
British American Ins. Co. of Toronto 100,000
Phenix Ins. Co. of Brooklyn 1,000,000
Guaranty Ins. Co. of London 1,000,000
Lancashire Ins. Co. of Manchester 1,000,000
Scottish Union & National Ins. Co. of Edinburgh 1,000,000
Northern Assurance Co. of London 1,000,000
A. S. SHERMAN, Office Merchant's Bank.

Flagg's Bargain Store,

12 FRANKLIN STREET,

OPP. P. O.

Gray Enamelled Ware Prices.

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| 10 | Quart Dish Pan | 55c. |
| 2 | Quart Milk or Rice Boiler | 75c. |
| 1 | Quart Sauce Pan | 15c. |
| 2 | Quart Sauce Pans | 25c. |
| 2 1/2 | Quart Sauce Pans | 25c. |
| 3 | Quart Sauce Pans | 30c. |
| 3 1/2 | Quart Sauce Pans | 35c. |
| 4 | Quart Sauce Pans | 40c. |
| 5 | Quart Sauce Pans | 45c. |
| 6 | Quart Sauce Pans | 50c. |
| 7 | Quart Sauce Pans | 55c. |
| 8 | Quart Sauce Pans | 60c. |
| 9 | Quart Sauce Pans | 65c. |
| 10 | Quart Sauce Pans | 70c. |
| 11 | Quart Sauce Pans | 75c. |
| 12 | Quart Sauce Pans | 80c. |
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| 100 | Quart Sauce Pans | 5.20 |

HE USED DYNAMITE

Farmer Webber's Queer Way of Making Away With Himself

Other News of Interest From Various Parts of New England States.

Lisbon, Me., Jan. 4.—The people of this town thought for a time that they had a most mysterious murder case on their hands, when it was reported that the body of H. E. Webber, a well-to-do farmer, had been found lying near an outbuilding, dismembered and the head severed from the body, but after an investigation it was proved beyond doubt to be a case of suicide. The man had gone to the barnyard during the night and after placing a dynamite cartridge beneath his body, exploded it.

Bert Douglass, the hired man, went to the barn yesterday morning, and as he was about to enter the building he saw a portion of a human leg lying on the ground, and upon investigating, other pieces were found. On the roof of the barn he saw what he recognized to be the trunk and head of his employer. The man at once notified Mrs. Webber and the town authorities.

Coroner Simpson with City Marshal O'Brien of Lewiston came to this place at once and murder charges were quickly put at rest when the officers, in examining the dead man's clothing, came upon a note addressed to his wife, stating that he intended to take his life by blowing himself up with dynamite, making suggestions as to the disposition of the property and advising her to live as comfortably as possible.

Mrs. Webber says that her husband had been acting strangely for some time, but she thought never occurred to her that he might wish to take his own life.

Farmer Shoots His Wife
Worcester, Mass., Jan. 1.—Moses Bouvier, a farmer of Holden, is under arrest here charged with having shot his wife. One bullet took effect, and that, being deflected by a rib, did not have an immediately fatal result, and the woman may recover. The cause of the shooting is not known positively, Bouvier contending that it was accidental, but Mrs. Bouvier says that her husband intended to kill her after having failed to involve her in a quarrel.

First Victim Under New Law
Boston, Jan. 4.—Luigi Sorli was sentenced to death in the electric chair by Judge Bond in the Suffolk superior criminal court today for the murder of Michael Callini, a fellow countryman, on Nov. 7, 1899. Callini was hit with an axe on the head while asleep. His death will be the first by the electric chair in Massachusetts.

Life Savers Rescued Crew
Orleans, Mass., Jan. 4.—The three-masted schooner Lily, Captain Kerr, of Windsor, N. S., with a crew of nine men besides the captain, stranded on the bar off Nauset yesterday, and the men were rescued by life savers after they had abandoned their vessel and were driven ashore in one of their boats. The Lily will undoubtedly be a total loss.

A Reserve Officer's Bravery
Boston, Jan. 4.—Reserve Officer William J. Brown, who was appointed a member of the police department a little more than a week ago, distinguished himself last night by entering a burning building when it was filled with smoke, and bringing three small children, who were then overcome by smoke, into the open air.

Deaths Unlucky
Northampton, Mass., Jan. 4.—R. G. Dennis of Boston, reported to have been arrested in Nebraska on suspicion of being Pat Crowe, wanted in the Cuddey kidnapping case, is the same individual arrested here a year ago while gathering botanical specimens. At that time it was thought he had escaped from an insane asylum.

Went Through Thin Ice
Fall River, Mass., Jan. 4.—Through thin ice on North Watuppa pond, a young man skated to his death last night. A crash of ice and a cry for help were heard, and then skaters hurried to a boat house, got a boat and grappling irons and soon recovered the body, but life was extinct. The young man was not identified.

Chemical Engine Upset
Millbury, Mass., Jan. 4.—The picker and wheel houses of C. T. Aldrich, Jr., were burned last night, the loss being \$5000, with no insurance. While responding to the fire call, the chemical engine was upset, and Alce Bebo and Frank Cushing were thrown off, the former being badly hurt.

Involved in Lumber Failure
Ellsworth, Me., Jan. 4.—The assignment of the Trenton Lumber company, with liabilities of \$20,000, reported on Monday, was followed yesterday by the assignment of Dr. George A. Phillips, one of the stockholders. The liabilities are estimated at from \$20,000 to \$40,000.

Heavy Seizure of Liquor
Quincy, Mass., Jan. 2.—Chief of Police Ripley and a posse of officers last night raided the premises of Charles Barber, and seized 67 gallons of wine, 50 gallons of cider, 3 gallons of lager and 1 quart of absinthe, together with a large number of empty bottles.

Understood the Stock Market
Boston, Jan. 4.—Joseph G. Martin, a well known broker, and who for the past 50 years had been one of the prominent figures of State street, died at his home here yesterday, aged 70. He was a noted stock statistician.

A Wolcott Public Memorial
Boston, Jan. 2.—The public memorial to former Governor Roger Wolcott, as now suggested, is to be in the form of a statue, and in advocacy of it prominent men met yesterday and organized a memorial committee. Publicity will be given of the committee's plans as soon as they are formulated.

MATRIMONIAL CLOUDS

Are Hovering Over the Queen of Holland and Her Husband-to-Be
London, Jan. 4.—A special dispatch from Berlin reports that Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, whose marriage to Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has been announced for Feb. 7, has left The Hague, indignant at the tone of the parliamentary discussion on the subject of his future position.

Whether this is true or not there is no doubt that there has been endless trouble connected with the projected marriage. Queen Wilhelmina has contrived to get up as much fuss about the style of precedence as that experienced in England in 1810. She wished Duke Henry to be created prince consort and have precedence over her mother, but she was overruled on both points.

On the other hand, her solicitude for her future husband's pecuniary comfort has by no means been equal to her solicitude for his dignity. She has given up her original proposition to settle a large sum on him out of her private fortune, and now proposes that parliament settle \$80,000 a year on him, payable if he survives her majesty. Will the latter be alive Duke Henry will get nothing, according to this plan. But there is a very strong feeling in Holland that no allowance for the duke should be asked, considering the vast property at the disposal of Queen Wilhelmina. Duke Henry's private fortune is made quite for his position as prince consort. He will practically be dependent on his spouse.

Editor's Chair For Lehman
London, Jan. 4.—It is stated here that Rudolph C. Lehman, formerly coach at the Harvard crew, will be the new editor of The Daily News. Mr. Lehman



has an interest in the paper. Mr. Lehman married Miss Alice Davis of Worcester, Mass., in 1898. In the previous year the degree of M. A. was conferred on him by Harvard university.

Cut In Boarding House Fight
Somersworth, N. H., Jan. 1.—A row at Prentiss' boarding house yesterday was brought to an end by James Prentiss, who lived there, being locked up to await the result of injuries to Thomas Williamson, a boarder, who was rendered unconscious, and is in a bad way by reason of a cut artery in the head. Williamson is a missionary preacher, but has been working in the Great Falls bleachery. The trouble between the men is said to have been due to Prentiss' belief that Williamson was paying too much attention to Mrs. Prentiss.

Hacked Throat With a Knife
Lynn, Mass., Dec. 31.—While entertaining a party of friends yesterday, John McCormick stepped into a side room of his house and cut his throat with a common case knife. He told the doctors that he had become very nervous from over drinking. The wound would not have been dangerous had not his friends, in trying to stop the flow of blood, used horse liniment. It is feared that McCormick may die of blood poisoning.

Severed Artery In His Side
Woonsocket, R. I., Jan. 2.—While Albert M. Truesdale, 14 years old, was engaged in cutting off waste from a filling bobbin with a sharp knife in the light wooden mill, the blade slipped and penetrated his left side, severing an artery. The lad bled profusely and died before he could be taken to his home.

Increase In Value of Silver
Washington, Jan. 3.—The quarterly estimate of the value of foreign coins made by the director of the mint shows that the value of silver has increased during the last three months 2.41-100 percent. This increase is accounted for by the abnormal demand for Mexican silver in China.

Two Attempts at Suicide
Manchester, N. H., Jan. 2.—Christian G. Pfofyschmer attempted suicide last night by cutting the arteries in his left wrist with a jack knife. Failing in this, he started to throw himself in the river, but was prevented from so doing by friends. He will recover from his injuries.

With Liabilities of \$20,000
Ellsworth, Me., Jan. 1.—The Trenton Lumber company of this place made an assignment yesterday. The liabilities are \$20,000, and the assets may meet the liabilities. The assignees have taken possession of the mill, which has shut down pending appraisal.

Spanish Prince Laid Up
St. Petersburg, Jan. 4.—Prince Jaime De Bourbon, son of Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, who is a lieutenant in the Russian hussars, and on the staff of Vice Admiral Alexeff, has been sent to Nagasaki, suffering with typhoid fever.

Nation's Outstanding Obligations
Washington, Jan. 3.—The monthly statement of the public debt shows that at the close of business Dec. 31, 1900, the national debt, less cash in the treasury, amounted to \$1,066,161,310, a decrease for the month of \$1,083,765.

Evidently Contemplated Suicide
Lowell, Mass., Jan. 3.—Elliott Lobland, who was arrested here yesterday for larceny, was found a short time after his arrest kneeling in the cell evidently praying. Close examination disclosed the fact that he had formed a shipwreck with his necktie and suspenders. It is believed that he contemplated suicide.

POLITICIAN AND AUTHOR

Ignatius Donnelly Passed Away at Minneapolis This Morning

Minneapolis, Jan. 2.—Ignatius Donnelly, politician and author, died this morning, aged 70. Mr. Donnelly was taken suddenly ill last night, while vis-



iting at the home of his father-in-law, Barton Hanson. From the first Mr. Donnelly sank steadily and soon became unconscious. Dr. Murphy was summoned, and when he arrived the man was still unconscious. The doctor pronounced the trouble heart failure, and stated early in the evening that there was little chance of the patient's recovery. Later Mr. Donnelly passed away, surrounded by a number of his relatives. From the first they had understood that he could not live, as he was well advanced in years. He died without regaining consciousness.

Ignatius Donnelly came to Minneapolis 35 years ago, and since that time had been a member of both houses of the state legislature and had represented his district in congress. He had pronounced ideas, and during his political career had been a member of nearly every political party known in the state.

Mr. Donnelly was an able and deep thinker. Shakespeare formed one of his most absorbing topics, and he was a thorough Shakespearean scholar, always maintaining, however, that Lord Bacon was the real author of the plays. At the last general election he was a candidate for vice president on the Middle-of-the-Road Populist ticket.

What Lawson Wants
Boston, Jan. 3.—The special development in the cup, defending yacht line yesterday was a statement of Thomas W. Lawson, giving prominence to his desire to have Captain Hall in command of the new boat, and a repudiation of all claims that he is interested in the wooden centerboard craft that Stanley of Quincy Point wants to build. He has made Captain Watson an offer to become reserve and advisory captain of the new boat, and the offer holds good until such time as it can be definitely settled.

Bribery Charges Not Sustained
Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 2.—The committee last night reported on the hearings to investigate the charges of bribery in connection with the proposed purchase of school house lots, as a result of statements made by Cornelius Malley regarding bribe money being offered him. The committee reported that there had been no actual bribery, and on question of attempted bribery they reported that it was impossible, on the evidence, to find that the suggestion of attempted bribery was sustained.

A Frightful Experience
Stamford, Conn., Jan. 3.—Clinging to an oyster stake in the middle of the sound for over an hour, with the thermometer below the freezing point, and the waves breaking over him frequently was the experience of George Collins of Greenwich. Collins was planting seed oysters when his craft was overturned. He swam a quarter of a mile to an oyster stake, and clung there until rescued by John E. Patterson.

Doctors Arrived Too Late
Boston, Jan. 3.—While eating supper at his home last evening, Nell Houghton, 38 years old, was choked to death by a piece of meat. His sister ran to two nearby dispensaries for aid, but no doctors responded until after the man was dead.

Granted a Pardon
Augusta, Me., Jan. 1.—The governor and council late yesterday announced that a pardon had been granted David L. Stain and Oliver Cromwell, serving a life sentence in the state prison at Thomaston.

Not Guilty of Embezzlement
Boston, Dec. 31.—Ransom F. McCullig, an ex-convict collector of internal revenue in Collector Gill's district, was found not guilty Saturday night by a jury on the charge of embezzlement.

POPULAR PUBLICATIONS—POPULAR PRICES

has for nearly sixty years been recognized as the people's best friend. Family farmers and villagers, its splendid Agricultural Department, its reliable market reports, its recognized authority throughout the country in relation to the science of agriculture, its fascinating short stories, its timely and indispensable every family. Regular subscription prices, 10 cents per year.

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| Publication | Regular Price | With Weekly Tribune |
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| North American Review, New York City | \$5.00 | \$4.00 |
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| Harper's Weekly, New York City | \$4.00 | \$3.00 |
| Century Magazine, New York City | \$4.00 | \$3.00 |
| St. Nicholas Magazine, New York City | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Children's Magazine, New York City | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Frank Leslie's Monthly, New York City | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Money Magazine, New York City | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Success, New York City | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Ladies' Monthly, New York City | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Puck, New York City | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Knickerbocker, New York City | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Leisurely, New York City | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Review of Reviews, New York City | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Scribner's Magazine, New York City | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| American Agriculturist, New York City | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Rural New Yorker, New York City | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Country Gentleman, Albany, N. Y. | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Farm Journal, Philadelphia, Penn. | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Lippincott's Magazine, Philadelphia, Penn. | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Country Gentleman, Boston | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Farm and Home, Springfield, Mass. | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| New England Farmer, Springfield, Mass. | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Good Housekeeping, Springfield, Mass. | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Farm, Field and Fireside, Chicago, Ill. | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Orange and Blue, Chicago, Ill. | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Epitome, Chicago, Ill. | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Michigan Farmer, Detroit, Mich. | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Illinois Farmer, Chicago, Ill. | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Farm News, Springfield, Ohio | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Home and Farm, Louisville, Ky. | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| The Farmer, St. Paul, Minn. | \$3.00 | \$2.00 |
| Tribune Almanac, 1901 | \$1.00 | \$1.00 |

Please send cash with order. Those wishing to subscribe for more than one of the above publications in connection with The Tribune may remit at publishers' regular prices.

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CHAFFEE'S DENIAL

United States Troops Did Not Go on Looting Expedition

Movement Was to Investigate Report of Murder of Christians

Washington, Jan. 4.—General Chaffee has cleared himself of any suspicion of participating in any of the looting expeditions which are said in some quarters to be going on in China under the disguise of punitive expeditions.

His report of the conditions under which he took his last excursion from Peking has been received at the war department by cable from Peking. The officials here were surprised when they saw the press reports stating that the American troops in Peking, which were distinctly designated as legion guards, and as such were to have no part in ordinary military operations, had gone out into the country to co-operate with a German expeditionary force.

From the nature of General Chaffee's cablegram it would appear that the officials had communicated with him on this subject, and invited the explanation which is afforded in the following cablegram:

"Peking, Jan. 2.—Colonel Theodore J. Whit returned. Movement simply to verify report that Christians had been murdered and secure arrest of guilty parties if allegations found true.

"Germans from Tientsin had been in country. Take no part in offensive operations; patrol country between Peking, Hoshiwa and Chang Kwan occasionally for the purpose of order. (Signed.) "Chaffee."

A dispatch from Peking announces that at a meeting of the foreign military yesterday it was announced that Li Hung Chang and Prince Ching were prepared to sign an agreement as soon as it was ready for signature.

Li Hung Chang desires to conduct the peace negotiations to a conclusion, and the physicians attending him think he might be taken to the Spanish legation, where the conferences have been held, if the weather is favorable.

She Should Have Known Better
New Britain, Conn., Dec. 31.—Mrs. John Hubbard of Middletown is the proprietor of a small truck farm, and has for many years past done business with the neighboring marketmen. Two men told her, she states, that they would furnish her with \$100 worth of "green goods" for \$75, and she made a bargain. Finding that the money passed without difficulty, Mrs. Hubbard entered into further negotiations. How much "money" she obtained does not appear, but her statement is that the price of her experience was \$4000.

Fisheries Prospering in Maine
Augusta, Me., Jan. 2.—Alonso R. Nickerson, commissioner of sea and shore fisheries, has submitted his biennial report, showing the fisheries of the state to be in a generally prosperous condition. For the year just closed the total yield of all the fisheries in the state is 152,007,921 pounds, and the value of this production is \$2,784,433. The lobster factory is credited with the largest value of any fishery in the state, the value being \$1,047,556.

Americans and Filipinos Mingled
Manila, Jan. 2.—The first official function at which Americans and Filipinos in considerable numbers have mingled socially took place yesterday at the governor general's residence. General MacArthur and Admiral Benham, assisted by the wives of several generals, received thousands of callers. The Filipino women wore elaborate costumes and conversed affably in Spanish.

Jury Acquits Nagle
Boston, Jan. 2.—A verdict of "not guilty" was returned to Judge Bond of the superior criminal court in the case of William H. Nagle, charged with causing the death of John J. Hayes on the night of June 24, 1900. The case has attracted a great deal of attention, the victim having been an ex-state senator and a leader in the Democratic party.

Objections to Sale of Islands
London, Jan. 4.—Reports from the Danish West Indies, says the Copenhagen correspondent of The Times, show a strong opposition to the sale of the islands to the United States. The question will probably be determined in the near future in the islands themselves.

Industrial Trust Co.,

Newport Branch, 303 Thames Street.

Report of Condition of Industrial Trust Company as made under call of the State Auditor, Nov. 20, 1900. (condensed.)

| RESOURCES. | |
|---|-----------------|
| Loans and Discounts, | \$6,671,359 88 |
| Real Estate Mortgages, | 535,216 75 |
| Bonds and Stocks, | 4,450,951 50 |
| Industrial Trust Co., Building and Land, | 748,111 16 |
| Industrial Trust Co., Building and Land, Pawtucket, | 42,313 68 |
| Other Real Estate, | 10,131 20 |
| U. S. Internal Revenue Stamps, | 5,461 48 |
| Call Loans to Banks, Individuals and Corporations, | \$1,669,236 29 |
| Due from Banks, Bankers and U. S. Treasurer, | 2,033,134 47 |
| Cash in Vaults, | 605,369 51 |
| Total, | \$16,771,785 92 |
| LIABILITIES. | |
| Capital Stock, | \$1,200,000 00 |
| Surplus, | 400,000 00 |
| Profit on hand, less Expenses and Interest on Deposits, | 271,142 39 |
| Reserved Interest, | 17,100 74 |
| Deposits, | 14,883,542 79 |
| Total, | \$16,771,785 92 |

Accounts of Individuals, Corporations and Trustees respectfully solicited. Depositors on Participation Account with the Industrial Trust Company receive all the advantages of savings banks, and in addition thereto the security afforded by the large Capital and Surplus of the Industrial Trust Company as stated above.

ANNUAL REDUCTION SALE!

Entire Stock of
BROKEN LOTS AT
Reduced Prices.

Newport One Price
Clothing Co.,

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A Great Millinery Sale.

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IN ORDER TO TURN
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AT YOUR OWN PRICE.

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Incandescent Electric Light at lowest rates.

NEWPORT ILLUMINATING COMPANY,

449 to 455 THAMES STREET.

Selected Tale.

HANDS UP!

"What a pity Jack is not a hero!" sighed Mary, laying down a paper containing a list of the latest recipients of the V. C. "Dad is so awfully gone on soldiers just now."

She glanced toward a dainty writing table, where the photograph of a handsome curly-headed young barrister occupied a prominent place. Power was expressed in every one of those clear-cut features—the power to cleave a way through the world.

But (oh), Warwick could think of nothing but soldiers, and his daughter, Mary, clandestinely carried on her love affairs, and connected all sorts of impossible plans to transform her civilian into something like a man for the color.

She even went to the length of inquiring at the war office if lawyers, as well as doctors and clergymen, were not attached to the headquarters staff of the army in South Africa, and, being disappointed in that, religiously set to work to incite some martial ardor in her lover by requesting him to take her to the military functions in town. Yet the unconscious Jack would not be a hero.

"Why don't you help me, Beat?" she cried, plaintively appealing to her cousin who, gracefully reclining on a velvet ottoman, was devouring the contents of the latest novel from Muller's. "Your affair is all settled, and you've no trouble in the world. Do put that wretched book away and help me think of Jack."

"Mary, you're a nuisance!" exclaimed the calm-minded young lady, shutting her book with a slam. "And so is Jack! Why don't you think of something else for a few days? If I worried half as much over Geoffrey, I should pierce myself into a convalescent home!"

"Yes, but you don't have to. You're engaged, and, besides, your dad isn't mad on soldiers."

Miss Beatrice burst out laughing, and her charming countenance assumed a dignified pat. "My dear girl," she said, patronizingly, and ignoring the point, "uncle is only a silly old man, and he doesn't mean one-half what he says."

Mary was about to espouse her cause, and even sacrificed her Jack in his defense, when her cousin stopped her.

"But as for being a hero, why, Jack can be that as well as any one if he likes—and he shall be, for all your untowardness."

"A hero! How, Beat—how?"

"Never mind. You say he's coming to stay over Sunday?"

"Yes, I worried dad into asking him, and he consented—just to keep me quiet."

Beatrice gave a sympathetic sigh. "Well, then, next Sunday, I'll put him to the test, and unless he proves himself a hero, and a man under such desperate circumstances, I shall be entirely disappointed. Now, stop worrying, and go and read the war news to uncle. He's dying for it, I know."

And before Mary had time to stop her and demand an explanation, she had flown from the room.

Jack Winchester put in an appearance on the following Saturday, and, with a little coaxing from the two girls, made quite a good impression at dinner, when he discussed military tactics with keen interest, if not correctness.

At half past 11, after a game of billiards, and a one-sided argument on the subject of cavalry remounts, the two men retired, and an hour later the house was dark and silent.

"Mary, are you awake?"

"Rather," came in a sleepy voice. "I thought you were never coming."

"Uncle has been reading and only turned his light out a few minutes ago, but he's snoring now."

"The two girls shivered simultaneously, and in sympathy. Midnight enterprises are wont to try the strongest nerves. Mary turned on the gas.

"Why, Beat, I've exclaimed, 'you look just like a man! Where did you get those old clothes? And old your face is so dirty and smudged!'"

Beatrice laughed, in spite of her nerves.

"Shall I do?" she asked.

"Do? You're simply horrible!"

"Good-by, then. Listen for me coming back, and if you hear me running, open the door and let me in."

In obedience to which command Mary, as soon as her cousin had left the room, locked the door, threw herself upon the bed and laughed and cried intermittently until she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

The amateur burglar gingerly picked her way downstairs, and silently turned the key of the library door. Feeling her way toward a comfortable couch, she threw herself upon it and waited, listening to the beating of her own heart and the awful silence that pervaded the house. (Imagination ran wild and played her awful pranks. Fearful animals crept stealthily through the gloom, and ominous noises came from every corner. A tap-tap from the direction of the window sounded most painfully realistic, and a low murmuring was like nothing more than the whisperings of hideous human beings.)

Beatrice shook herself, and remembered her errand. Partly to help her cousin and partly for her own amusement she had planned to masquerade as a burglar to arouse the unconscious Jack and to test his courage. In the light of day it was a splendid project, with countless opportunities of ludicrous fun. But here in the dark and silent library, at one o'clock in the morning, it was cruelly unromantic.

Creak, creak! This time it was no fancy, for the library window was being forced open, and through the blinds came the occasional flash of a lantern. In a moment Beatrice was on the alert. Of an sudden it dawned upon her that instead of a timorous meek burglar the unfortunate Jack might have to deal with a gang of hardened criminals, and the probable result of such an encounter would so upset arrangements that Mary would in future thank her to leave her affairs alone. So the little joke had developed into a huge tragedy, and Jack must not be sacrificed. Even in the hour of danger she could not repress a smile as she thought how the papers would make such a sensation of the affair. No; Beatrice decided that it should not be. And so Jack slept on, unconscious of the opportunities for distinction that awaited him down stairs.

In the meantime, the enterprising young lady with the enudry face and ragged clothes had seized an old duelling pistol and entrenched herself in the rear of the sofa, from which she could obtain an interrupted view of the proceedings within the room. There she propped herself up, with one arm extended over the back of the sofa, pointing an unloaded pistol in a menacing manner. And there she meant to fight and die, as she had heard her uncle tell of brave men in the trenches for it was a desperate matter now, and it was scarcely realizable that such a terrible plight could ever have origi-

ated in a harmless little joke. A man crept stealthily into the room through the half-open window, closed the shutters, lit the gas and pounced upon the safe. "That was Beat's opportunity."

"Hands up!"

If an electric wire had been connected with the automatic figures, and a button had been pressed, the upper limbs could not have responded more promptly than did the hands of those two desperate burglars. Scared and baffled as they were, they staggered round on their heels, to discover the source of that sudden command, and encountered the frowning muzzle of a pistol. It was enough. The younger man groaned and the older one said something beneath his breath.

Five minutes passed, and not a word was spoken. Two pairs of hands still moved aloft and two pairs of cowed eyes fearfully watched the muzzle of the pistol, but it never moved. The alarm was dead!

"Very up, gov'nor!" at last growled the younger man. "King for the servants, do what yer like, only don't let us get cold in our armpits!"

In support of which the older man again swore, but the victorious one said nothing. Only the pistol continued to frown threateningly.

Two more minutes that seemed like hours to the captured passed by, and the older burglar commenced to swear more loudly. The younger man also began to indignantly assert his rights to humane treatment, and matters were just becoming strained when the door opened, and a poker, followed by the white face of Jack Winchester, appeared upon the scene.

It was the first time Jack had taken an active part in a burglary case, and he was considerably nonplussed to find two hand-featured villains straining their ears to the ceiling at sight of a common domestic poker. But he concluded it must be a usual thing among such gentry and his face regained some of its color as he took the cord from his dressing-gown and requested one of the men to hold down his hands to be bound which he did with a grateful glance. A curtain cord served for the other, and the two soon stood side by side, trussed like cockerels.

"Now, then, gov'nor, tell the bloke behind the sofa to shift that pistol. I don't like it!" exclaimed one.

"Pistol? What pistol?"

Jack looked round in the direction indicated, and staggered back as he encountered the frowning muzzle. The idea suddenly occurred to him that this was another burglar in hiding, and that he had been outwitted. He called it, but as he called it, the pistol held steadily in its place, and at last he maneuvered round and discovered a slight form dressed in ragged men's clothes and propped up with cushions and chairs.

"Now, young 'un, put up that gun. It's all over. Why, look here! Gent Scott! It's Beatrice! And she's faintest!"

"Fainted?" echoed the two trussed men in chorus. "Fainted? Fainted? Ere, gov'nor, let us loose to kick our way out, and we'll go quiet."

"A snort caught, Jack, and a bold venture on your part," said the colonel. "You ought to have been a soldier, my boy. There's a career waiting for you in the army!"

"Yes," said Jack, "but —"

A vicious tug at his coat tail stopped him, and at that moment the colonel was called away.

"If you mention my disgraceful part in the affair," said Beat, "I'll expose your cowardice on the spot. Uncle would have a fit if he knew I had been masquerading in boy's clothes!"

"But what on earth were you doing with that pistol?"

"Oh, never mind. Perhaps I was rehearsing a play, and the burglars entered at an inconvenient time. The rest of the comedy went fairly well, though, only the poker was a little undignified. But the audience appear to be well satisfied, and the colored in particular is delighted with the hero. Do your best for those poor villains when you defend them, for they did not expect their parts most beautifully! Now go in Mary. She's dying to see you."

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"But what on earth were you doing with that pistol?"

Ben Hur.

Klaw & Erlanger's wonderfully beautiful production of Gen. Lew Wallace's religious romance, "Ben Hur," received its first presentation in Boston at the new Colonial Theatre, Tremont and Baylston streets, Thursday evening, December 20th. It achieved a triumph such as has never before been scored by any attraction presented in Boston and fully realized the exalted standard of excellence which had been created by the columns of highly complimentary comment in reference to it printed in the Boston and New England press for over a year. That the great drama did not disappoint this anticipatory interest is the strongest endorsement of its superlative merit it could possibly receive.

The Boston Herald said of it: "Ben Hur," without exception, as all who are competent to express an opinion have pronounced, the greatest production ever placed upon a stage in this or any other country. It is a novel in story and locale and a wide departure from anything ever before seen in America in artistic innovations and deviations from stage traditions. Following a complete description of the dramatic action, scenes and music, the writer said: "Ben Hur" is, strictly speaking, a dramatization of the Wallace novel, but, in a broader and much more significant sense, it is a dramatization of the Bible itself, certainly of that part of the Bible which has been most inspiring, most uplifting and most helpful, and which has left the deepest imprint upon humanity. It is for this reason that "Ben Hur" appeals to all classes, all ages, all denominations of the Christian church, and draws to it, as to a place of worship, hundreds of thousands who seldom, if ever, set foot within a theatre."

The Boston Globe said: "It was appropriate that the most beautiful theatre in America should be dedicated with a presentation of the most beautiful spectacle known to the stage. 'Ben Hur' is truly a sumptuous spectacle of surpassing beauty." Speaking of the dramatization by William Young, the writer said: "He must be congratulated for the delicacy with which he has treated the religious element of the story. There is no line or suggestion which could offend the most sensitive church member. On the contrary a large share of the patronage likely to be bestowed on the play will come from church members and others who do not make it a practice to attend theatres."

To the great tabernacle of the miracle the writer paid this tribute: "The closing scene of the last act, representing Mr. Olivet covered with the thorns bearing palm branches and gathered to meet the Nazarene, was a triumph of stagecraft, its impressions being testified to by a stillness on the part of the audience, during the principal tableau, which probably never has been duplicated in a Boston theatre, the silence being as absolute, with over 2,000 people in the auditorium, as if not a living soul were within the walls."

The Boston Post said: "It will be seen by those familiar with the novel that the dramatist has accomplished his work faithfully and well, and it only required the elaborate scenic environment to complete one of the grandest spectacular productions the Boston stage has ever known. Again Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger have gathered together an admirable organization which interprets the lines and motive of the play faithfully, admitting no opportunities to shock or even offend the most sensitive nature."

Following a review in detail of the wonderful artistic beauties of the play, the critic of the Journal said: "After these masterpieces it seems commonplace to speak of such a mechanical triumph as the chariot race. But this too, is a wonder in its way, a practically perfect illusion. It is in every respect a real race, exciting, not because it shows eight horses galloping at full speed on the stage of a theatre, but exciting because it seems to show eight horses in an actual test of speed. I have, heretofore, laughed heartily at every effort to picture a horse race on the stage. I never could see anything but ludicrous clumsiness. I did not long after the Ben Hur race. I watched it with all my eyes and I had not enough when the curtain shut it off."

The Advertiser said: "The point which is especially to be made for the version is in its perfect taste. The utmost delicacy has been preserved in dealing with the scriptural portions of the narrative. The person of the Saviour is never made to appear badly; yet in the scene is implied, a remarkable beauty and stirring effect is produced by the chorus of Hosannas by the palm-bearing throngs, and finally by the long avenue made by massed multitudes stretching out its hands and faces in supplication towards the Master, whose approach is indicated by a stream of pure white light."

Revival of the Grecian Bend.

People who are old enough to remember the preposterous "Grecian bend" era will be amused at a prophetic utterance by one of the "queens of fashion" of Dublin foretelling the speedy return of this strangest of fashionable tricks. Already the foreshadowing of the craze is visible in the drooping angle of figure adopted by certain ladies of fashion who like to be well ahead of their peers. The attitude is not altogether voluntary, however, observes the Dublin Evening Telegraph. The newest French engines of torture for moulding the feminine form are so extremely rigorous in design that a forward lean on the part of the victim is almost indispensable to the retaining of breath.

High Prices Paid to Singers.

The highest price ever paid to a singer in America, it is stated, was given to Mme. Sembrich by a New York millionaire's wife who wished the prima donna to appear at one of her drawing-room entertainments. Mme. Sembrich asked \$2,000 for her services, and she received it. The sum was paid for only a single aria. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt paid Mme. Melba \$1,500 for singing once at her famous musicale. Neither Sembrich nor any of the other artists care to sing at fashionable entertainments. Mme. Farnes and Carve will scarcely ever sing except for friends, and then they accept no fee.

McJigger—Your wife told my wife you had all your Christmas presents sold for.

Thigmumbob—Yes.

McJigger—You're a lucky dog. I haven't bought a single one yet.

Thigmumbob—Neither have I for this Christmas. It's last year's presents we've just paid for.—Philadelphia Press.

Humorous.

Syllabus—He is always talking about his ancestors. Cynicus—It's too bad they can't retaliate.

Nell—I don't care for Mr. Rounder. He seems to lack repose. Belle—Well, I don't imagine he gets much.

Louise is your new model artist? "Artist? Why, she makes frocks which get out of style in two weeks."

Mrs. B Jones—How do you like this material? It is changeable silk. Mr. B Jones—Good! Then if you don't like it you can take it back.

Tommy—Pop, what are the dark ages? Tommy's Pop—I suppose it's when people teach the period when they want to keep their age dark.

Prison Visitor—My poor man, how did you get in here? Convict—Hard luck. I didn't manage to steal enough to engage a first-class lawyer to defend me!

Housekeeper—I'd just like to know why you go tramping through the country? Monty Mike—Well, mum, I've heard that these fine palace cars is rather stuffy, mum.

Schoolmaster—Now Muggins Minor, what were the thoughts that passed through Sir Newton's mind when the apple fell on his head? Muggins—I expect he was awful glad it wasn't a brick.

Scrubber—Have you decided on a name for your new novel yet? Scrabble—Yes, I've decided to call it "The Lost Chapter." Scrubber—I suppose your idea is to have all the women read it first.

Hobbs—What a changeable person old Queerens is. He never seems to know his own mind from one minute to the next. Stobbs—Mere force of habit. You know he used to be connected with the weather bureau.

A teacher had told a class of juvenile pupils that Milton, the poet, was blind. The next day she asked if any of them could remember what Milton's great affliction was. "Yes'm," replied one little fellow, "he was a poet."

"I wish I could live at grandma's all the time," said little Mabel, after being corrected by her mother for disobedience. "Why so?" asked her mother. "Cause," replied Mabel, "I don't have to mind a word she says."

Fruit is the Best Medicine.

Free eating of apples is the best thing in the world for sluggish liver. Three or four at night just before going to bed will produce the best effect. Apples should be eaten without peeling, as the skin is valuable.

A ripe peach in the morning will give an appetite for breakfast and make one feel better all day.

Strawberries, raspberries, cherries and currants are all cooling to the system and beneficial in their effect on the blood.

Blackberries when ripe and not over-ripe furnish an excellent tonic from nature's laboratory.

Plums are a balm to the stomach, never produce acidity and are always easily digested.

The "grape cure" is fully recognized by Continental doctors. Grapes freely eaten clear the blood and are of service in a large number of diseases.

Cold Storage Pays.

"The Jersey cider apple under ordinary conditions will not keep later than October, and is but an indifferent fruit at best, both as to quality and appearance. In the summer of 1899 these apples were worth only 75 cents a barrel, and with little demand. One farmer placed 500 barrels in cold storage at Philadelphia, where they were kept in perfect condition until last April. The manager of the cold storage house stated that they could have been kept the whole year. In April the apples found a ready sale at \$1.50 a barrel. The change for keeping the apples in cold storage was 50 cents a barrel, so that the grower realized a net increase in price of \$1.25 a barrel, or a total profit of \$1,675.—Farmer's Advocate.

"So you reject me!" the young lawyer said, rather bitterly. "I wonder if it would do any good to appeal the case to your father?"

She shook her head.

"There is no appeal from my decision," she replied. "I am what you call the court of last resort."

"But I cannot give up the case in this way," he exclaimed.

She dug the sand with the point of her parasol.

"Mr. Draxton," she said, softly, "might you not ask for a new trial?" Chicago Tribune.

A woman entered the elevator at the district government building and said to the boy in charge:

"I want to see a gentleman in this building. I do not remember his name and I do not know where he works. Perhaps you can help me find him."

"There is no one looking for him," replied the boy, "he has just gone out."

"Oh, thank you," said the woman absently. "I am sorry, but tell him I will come again."—Washington Correspondence in Chicago Record.

A Scotch divine took one of his parishioners to task for his non-attendance at kirk; the man said: "I dunna like lang sermons." The parson, with some wrath, replied: "John, ye'll dee and go to a place where ye'll have the privilege of hearing long or short sermons." "That may be," said John, "but it wunna be for lack of parsons."—Argonaut.

Kansans have concluded that apple culture, after all, is one of the most certain of paying crops of that state. One land-owner set out 100 acres of apple trees last spring and intends to increase the patch to 500 acres. It does not seem the "droughthy Kansans" it was once reputed to be.—Meehan's Monthly.

"What is the matter, Hercules?" Jove asked, as the former paused in his arduous work of cleaning the Angolan stables.

"I was merely longing for the horseless age," replied Hercules.—Judge.

Mrs. Walle. "I'm sure the constant anxiety must have been terribly wearing."

Mrs. Luers. "Wearing? Why, in the last three years I've given you to look at least six months older!"—Life.

C. ASTORIA.
Bears the
Signature
of
Chas. H. Fletcher

Boots!

Calf Boots,
Kip Boots,
Grain Boots,
Felt Boots,
Wool Boots,
Rubber Boots,

at our usual moderate prices, at

M. S. HOLM'S,

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At Lowest Rate—Strong Companies.

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The Whole Story in one letter about

Pain-Killer

(PATENTED)

From Capt. P. Loye, Police Station No. 5, Montreal:—"We frequently use PERRY'S PAIN-KILLER for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, stiffness, frost bites, chilblains, cramps, and all afflictions which beset men in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN-KILLER is the best remedy I have ever used."

Used Internally and Externally.

Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c. bottles.

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following points must be carefully observed: 1. Name and date must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries brief and to the point. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in plain envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to: E. M. TILLEY, care Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JAN. 5, 1901.

NOTES.

HAMLIN—Genealogy of Capt. Giles Hamlin of Middletown, Conn., and Descendants, 1651-1900. By Hon. H. M. Andrews, Esq., Iowa.

Captain Giles Hamlin was an Englishman, who settled in Middletown, Ct., about 1651 and married Hester, daughter of Mr. John Crow, one of the founders of Hartford, Ct. Captain Hamlin was a Puritan for many years a master mariner, extensively engaged in domestic and foreign commerce, associated with the ablest men of his time in the colony, and likewise a prominent member of its government until his death. Capt. John Hamlin was more prominent in public affairs than his father, and his grandson, Col. James Hamlin, still more prominent, being in public life sixty years, including the periods of the old French wars and the Revolution. The daughters of Giles Hamlin were allied to the prominent families of Southmoyd, Russell and Hooker.

This book will be published the present year if sufficient encouragement is received to warrant printing, and will be sold on subscription, the edition limited to the demand. No other work on this family exclusively has ever appeared, and no other may be published for years. Price in cloth, \$4.00; Morocco, \$5.00.

CARR—I find in the MERCURY of October 13, 1900, an article regarding Governor Caleb Carr, which says that his son Samuel had no issue. Governor Carr's will reads "To grandson John Carr, son of Samuel, house where John Davis lives, at the sign of the ship, here in Newport, at age 21." Said John Carr was born in 1689, married in 1711 to Hannah Williams, and lived at Jerico, Oyster Bay, Long Island.

There is a Bible in existence which tradition says was presented to said John Carr by his aunt Mercy (Carr) Pelee. In it are recorded the dates of his marriage and births of his children. It descended to his son Caleb, and the family dates of his generation are also in it with much other interesting matter. Said Caleb married a Ridgway, and had seven children, and lived in New Jersey. The descendants of Samuel Carr, son of Governor Carr, are numerous, spreading over a number of states of the Union.—J. C. C.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE ISLAND OF RHODE ISLAND.

1753. Thanksgiving and prayer, by order of Congress, 2d Thursday of December.

1753. Tour, Rev. Isaac, of the Hebrew Congregation of Newport, died at Jamaica, December 8, aged 46 years. He came to Newport from the West Indies, about 1730. In 1752 the Synagogue was erected, dedicated 1753. He married a sister of the late Moses Hays, of Boston, and left two sons and one daughter. Abraham, son of Isaac, died in Boston in 1822. He left \$10,000 to the Synagogue fund, Newport, and \$5000 to the street fund, Newport. Judah was a resident of New Orleans. He built the Synagogue and burial ground fence, and made a handsome donation toward Tour Park, beside other benefactions in Newport.

1751. Tillinghast, Capt. Pardon, of Newport, died July 22, aged 34 years.

1755. Tanner, Captain John, deceased of the Baptist Church, died Jan. 20, aged 78 years.

1756. Trevett, John, prosecuted John Weeden, butcher, for refusing to receive paper money. General Varnum defended. Trevett was a cabinet maker.

1753. Theatre fitted up over Brick Market (later the City Hall) by Messrs. Harmer and Plaride. First performance was Tragedy of Jane Shore, tight rope, etc.

1753. Topham, Col. John, died at Newport, September 27, aged 51 years. He was in the army from Bunker Hill to the disbanding of his regiment in 1750.

1753. Jan. 3. Taggart, Hon. William, formerly a Judge of the Supreme Court, died at Newport, aged 69.

1757. Updike, Daniel, Attorney General for 24 years, died May 15.

1765. University of Rhode Island incorporated.

1769. University of Rhode Island, the first commencement of, held at Warren, September 7. Graduates: Joseph Pelton, Joseph Eaton, William Rogers, Richard Smith, Charles Thompson, James Mitchell Varnum, William Williams.

1770. University of Rhode Island. It was voted to remove the college to Providence. The cornerstone was laid by John Brown, Esq., May 14.

1797. Upham, Rev. Edward, former pastor of 1st Baptist Church, Newport, died at West Springfield, Mass., September 3, aged 47 years.

1682. Vane, Sir Henry, beheaded, June 11, on Tower Hill.

1664. Voting by proxy, authorized.

1737. Vernon, Samuel, assistant, died Dec. 5, aged 51 years.

1745. Vinal, Rev. William, Pastor 1st Congregational Church, Newport.

1751. Vernon, Thomas, late postmaster, died May 1, aged 66 years.

1759. Varnum, General James M., died at Marietta, Ohio, Jan. 10, aged 39 years. He was born at Dracut, Mass., 1749; studied law with Oliver Arnold, Esq.; admitted to the bar, 1771. He married Patty, daughter of Cromwell Child, Esq., of Warren, who survived him 40 years.

1792. Vernon, Samuel, Sr., died, July 6, aged 80 years.

(To be continued.)

QUERIES.

1750. INGRAM—Can C. V. C. give any information concerning Abigail Ingram, who married Joseph Bailey of Lebanon, Conn.—S. B. M.

1751. ALLEN—Can any one give me information concerning Stephen Allen, weaver, of North Kingstown, whose name is given on the muster and size roll of North Kingstown, for 1752, and whose age is given as 23 at that time?

On the same list is Benjamin Allen, cordwainer, aged 30. I should like the parentage of each.—E. M. T.

1752. WILCOX—Can W. A. W. give me the maiden name of Patience, wife of Josiah Wilcox? She died before 1611-5, and he married, second, Mary Lawton, widow. Josiah and Patience had a son Thomas, born at Fiverton, R. I., December 19, 1720, married April 13, 1740, Wait Briggs of Job and Eliza—E. W. O.

1751. SHAW, WEST—Who was Hannah, wife of Benjamin Shaw, of No. Bridgewater, Mass.? They had son William who married Hannah West. Who were her parents? Were any members of this Shaw family in the Revolutionary War?—G. B.

1751. ALLEN—Who was the wife of Samuel Allen of Bridgewater? His daughter Mary married Henry Kingman, born 1751.—G. B.

1755. ROWE, LANE, MICHILL—Joseph Lane, Jr., of Gloucester, Mass., married 1757, Rachel Rowe, who was born in 1741. When was Joseph Lane, Jr., born, and who were his parents? He died 1778. Was he killed in battle? Or was he not the Joseph Lane who was in the Revolution? There was a Joseph Lane, 1st Lt. a Lieutenant, at Bunker Hill. After the death of her husband, Rachel (Rowe) Lane married—Migault. She died June 17, 1821. Who were her ancestors, and what was her second husband's Christian name?—M. L.

1755. BYHAM—Who was the wife of Ethel Byham, of Bridgewater, whose daughter Sally married Caleb Copeland in 1753?—G. B.

ANSWERS.

1751. WILCOX—I have seen the note of W. A. W. as copied into the Western Star, relating to Isiah Wilcox. The name Isiah first appears in this family in connection with the birth of "Elder Isiah" and is continued solely among his descendants, so far as I know. He was the only Isiah who was a resident of Westerly and of military age in 1775. It is altogether probable that he was the ensign of militia mentioned in that year. His great weight alluded to by Mr. Dennison is not likely to have come upon him so early as 1775, in his thirty-seventh or thirty-eighth year; doubtless his large form was full of vigor at that time if, indeed, his weight was ever a serious burden.

I do not think his religious position would be likely to interfere with militia service. He had been ordained some four years before 1775 as pastor of a church which met in his own house and was composed of neighbors among whom he had been born and brought up. It was natural that his prominence in religious matters, revealing his power of leadership, should lead to his election to a military office among these same neighbors, particularly in a period when the defense of home and country seemed so clearly a sacred duty as it did in the shore towns of Rhode Island in Revolutionary times. I think, therefore, that Ensign Isiah Wilcox was Elder Isiah.—R. G. H.

1750. INGRAM—Abigail Ingram, parentage unknown, birth unknown, married November 30, 1655, son of William and Ann (Stevenson) Chesborough.

They had the following children: Maria, b. Feb. 25, 1658, died young; Abigail, b. Sept. 30, 1657, married John Avery; Samuel, b. Nov. 20, 1660, married Marie Ingraham; William, b. April 3, 1662, married Mary McDowell; Sarah, b. Dec. 21, 1663, married John Bolton; Elsie, b. Aug. 4, 1667, married Mary Minor; (2) Rebecca Mason; Elizabeth, b. Aug. 6, 1669, married William Ingraham.

The John Avery, who married Abigail Chesborough, was the son of Capt. James Avery. Marie and William Ingram were the children of William and Mary (Barstow) Ingram and were probably related to Mrs. Abigail (Ingraham) Chesborough.

Samuel Chesborough was buried July 31, 1675, at Stonington; his widow Abigail married June 5, 1675, Joshua, son of Robert Holmes. They lived in Westerly and had two children: Mary, date of birth unknown, married Isaac Thompson; Joshua, b. Aug. 20, 1678, married Fear Sturges.

Joshua Holmes made a will April 19, 1694, which was probated June 20, 1694, so he died between those dates. There is a possibility of doubt as to the name of his daughter. Abigail (Chesborough) Holmes, nee Ingram, married July 1, 1693, Captain James Avery, the father of her son-in-law, John Avery. Captain James Avery died April 15, 1700, but his widow was alive in 1714, when she made statements about land which had belonged to Samuel Chesborough and to which her daughter Abigail Avery had some claim. I should be very glad to learn the parentage of Abigail Ingram.

Most of the above records will be found at Stonington.—E. M. A.

1759. LADD—The following is the ancestry of Elizabeth Ladd.

1st Generation: Richard Warren, who came over in the Mayflower in 1620.

2d Generation: Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Warren, married Oct. 4, 1632, Richard Church. According to the Little Compton, R. I., records he was born about 1613.

3d Generation: Joseph Church, of Richard and Elizabeth (Warren) Church, was born 1638, died March 5, 1711. He married, 1658, Mary Tucker of John (—). He was brother to Col. Benjamin Church, the hero of the Indian war.

4th Generation: Deborah, daughter of Joseph and Mary (Tucker) Church, was born 1672, married, July 13, 1690, Samuel Gray, of Edward Gray, by his second wife, Dorothy Lettice. Edward Gray's first wife was Mary Winstow, of John and Mary (Clifton) Winstow.

5th Generation: Lydia Gray, daughter of Samuel and Deborah (Church) Gray, was born Oct. 16, 1707, married, August 25, 1731, Joseph Ladd, son of William and Elizabeth (Tompkins) Ladd. He was born Oct. 19, 1701.

6th Generation: Elizabeth Ladd, daughter of Joseph and Lydia (Gray) Ladd, was born Oct. 16, 1737, died Nov. 27, 1814. She married Benedict Oakley, of Jonathan and Deliverance (Chesland) Oakley. I think they were married some time in 1755, as their eldest child was born July 27, 1756.

1st Generation: Governor Henry Bell, born 1610, died about 1691, married Elizabeth—She died Oct. 1, 1665.

2d Generation: Elizabeth Bell, daughter of Henry and Elizabeth (—) Bell, born 1636, married, 1st—Bacon; 2d—John Allen.

3d Generation: Elizabeth, daughter of John Allen and Elizabeth (Bell)

Allen, was born July, 1651, died March 24, 1714, married, Jan. 15, 1670, Nathaniel Tompkins.

4th Generation: Elizabeth, daughter of Nathaniel Tompkins and Elizabeth (Allen) Tompkins, was born 1673, married, Feb. 17, 1698, William Ladd. He was born 1665.

5th Generation: Joseph Ladd married Lydia Gray.

6th Generation: Elizabeth Ladd married Benedict Oakley.—C. D. E.

1700. CRANE—The descendants of Jasper Crane, of New Haven, Conn., and Newark, N. J., (1667) are given in Vol. 2 of "The Genealogy of the Crane Family" by Ellery B. Crane, Worcester, Mass.—A. S. G.

New York and Florida Limited, Via Penn. and Southern Ry., resumes service Jan. 14th. Leave New York, 12:30 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Dining, Compartment, Observation and Drawing Room Sleeping Cars, New York to St. Augustine, also carrying Drawing Room Sleeping Car, New York to Algeni, Augusta and Port Tampa. Algeni now open. New York Offices, 271 and 1185 Broadway.

Quick Time to Pinckney, N. C. Southern Ry., only route operating Pullman Sleeping Cars into Pinckney. New York Offices, 271 and 1185 Broadway.

Middletown.

In order to participate in the election of town officers appointed to be held on the first Wednesday of April next, 26 persons registered their names in the Town Clerk's office. This number is far less than in 1899 and much below the average of former years.

The Portuguese farm hand who assaulted Mr. Abram A. Brown on the 24th ult., and inflicted serious personal injuries, has not been captured. It is supposed he left the island shortly after committing the assault. The Town Council has offered a reward of two hundred dollars for his apprehension.

The annual meeting of the Middletown Free Library Association will be held at the Oliphant schoolhouse on Monday evening, January 7, at seven o'clock. The library is still retained in a private building on the farm of the late Daniel Chase and is opened to the public each Wednesday afternoon. At a meeting of the proprietors of school-land on the West Main road, held December 10, 1900, it was voted to lease to the Library Association a lot of land having a frontage of eighty feet on the Main road and extending back therefrom seventy-five feet, for a site for its desired library building. The committee of ladies entrusted with the undertaking of raising a building fund have secured subscriptions exceeding \$700, and it is confidently expected that by the advent of spring this amount will be increased to \$1,000.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

DeMols & Eldridge have rented for Charles G. Betton and Elizabeth J. Betton, their cottage on the easterly side of Prairie avenue, to Mrs. Harold W. Bowen for one year.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold for Mrs. Linda M. Terry, wife of Rev. Roderick Terry, her house, with stables and grounds on Gibbs avenue, area 31,120 square feet, to A. O'D. Taylor, Jr., in trust for a client.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold to William T. Walsh, of Walsh Brothers, the "Gorton House," for many years used as a boarding house, at 125 Church street, containing about 10,000 square feet in addition to the house. The sale has been effected for William F. Davis, of Philadelphia, and a number of other heirs of the property, residing in various parts of the United States.

Mrs. Samuel Dodge, of this city, spent a few days with friends in Taunton, during the past week.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

NEWPORT, R. I.
A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND of five per cent. will be paid January 2, 1901.
NATHAN B. SWINBURNE, Cashier.
December 27, 1900.

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

An Ordinance in Addition to and in Amendment of an Ordinance Entitled "An Ordinance Granting to the Newport Horse Railroad Company Permission to Locate Railroad Tracks to be used with Passenger Cars in Certain Streets in the City of Newport," passed July 2, 1880.

It is enacted by the City Council of the City of Newport, as follows:

Section 1. Said ordinance is hereby amended by inserting therein the following, to be called Item IV.

"IV. That the conductor or matronman of any car is required to stop at the intersection of any two streets to receive or land any passenger, the car shall be stopped so as to leave the forward platform slightly over the rear crossing, and any car when signalled by any person desiring to ride therein, shall be stopped at any intersection of two streets or at a side road, or at other usual stopping place, without distinction as to whether it is a local car or an express car, so called."

Sec. 2. This ordinance shall take effect immediately.

(Passed January 3, 1901.)

A true copy, Witness: WILLIAM G. STEVENS, City Clerk.

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

An Ordinance in Amendment of Chapter 4 of An Ordinance Revising the Ordinances of the City of Newport.

It is enacted by the City Council of the City of Newport as follows:

Section 1. Section 5 of said Chapter 4 of an ordinance revising the ordinances of the City of Newport is hereby amended by inserting therein after the words "two thousand and before the word 'dollars' the words 'five hundred,' so that the salary of the City Clerk shall hereafter be two thousand five hundred dollars per annum instead of two thousand and no more."

Sec. 2. This ordinance shall take effect on the first Monday in January, 1901.

(Passed January 3, 1901.)

A true copy, Witness: WILLIAM G. STEVENS, City Clerk.

Heraldic Engraving.

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Closing Out Sale.

EVERY ARTICLE IN THIS STORE WILL BE SOLD BEFORE.....

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